

THE PIED PIPER OF AMERICA

PAINTED BY NELSON GREENE



DRAWN BY HARRIET MEAD OLCOTT

## DRIFTWOOD

Published by  
PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
293-309 Lafayette Street, New York  
NATHAN STRAUS, Jr., President  
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# Puck

Editor, HY MAYER  
General Manager, FOSTER GILROY  
Literary Editor, A. H. FOLWELL  
Business Manager, W. G. NAYLOR

PUCK: "Yes, I am that merry wanderer of the night."—*A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

## From an Ad- vertiser

A fortnight ago, we had some interesting comment to make on the question of advertising, and we are again moved to mention this engrossing subject by the following letter from one of our advertisers who received a rebate from PUCK:

"Permit me to express my thanks to the new management of PUCK, and to voice my appreciation of the honest way in which it deals with its patrons. It is the first rebate of its kind that I have ever received, although I have been constantly using a variety of papers and magazines for the past ten or eleven years. "I am now preparing to go abroad, but you may rest assured that I shall renew my advertising in your valuable medium on my return—not only because I find your business methods honest, but because my advertisements in PUCK paid."

The principle of the square deal appears to hold good in advertising as in other lines of endeavor. PUCK's increase in agate lines since January 1 has run as high as 400% in a single issue.

## Puck Prints

PUCK has had the good fortune during the past few weeks of printing some notable examples of color-work, both from American and from European artists. Each issue of PUCK contains two or three pictures well worth framing, and if you do not desire to mutilate your issue of PUCK, good prints of the more popular pictures reproduced may be had by addressing the publishers. The extra cost (25 cents per print) is trifling, considering the excellent grade of plate paper used in reproducing these prints. If you desire a collection of good colored prints for den or summer bungalow, look through recent issues of PUCK and make your selection.

## Last Week's Issue

It may interest the friends of the new PUCK, and more particularly the advertisers who had space in that issue, to know that the May 23d number—our first 24-page issue—has been at this writing virtually sold out. We prepared for an increased demand by printing 29,000 copies, and there is not on hand now sufficient copies to satisfy the normal office requirements. In these days of inflated circulation, this edition may not

seem very large, but it should be borne in mind that every copy of PUCK distributed represents a bona-fide purchaser. No reader receives PUCK because he wants a chromo, a dictionary, or a history of the world in one compact volume. The keenest analysts in the publishing world have demonstrated the fallacy of forced draught as applied to magazines, and PUCK is proud of its circulation because it is legitimately obtained. There is a vast difference, from



PUCK'S SIGN AT THE POLO GROUNDS, NEW YORK

the advertiser's standpoint, between the man who tucks a paper under his arm and carries it home because he wants it, and his neighbor who is reminded of his unwilling purchase only when dining from the new set of china, with his initial in gold, that came along with the three year's "subscription." It is the circulation with the spirit of spontaneity back of it that pays advertisers. That's PUCK's kind.

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**Terms** Puck is mailed to subscribers at \$5.00 per year, or \$2.50 for six months. Canadian subscriptions, \$5.50 per year, \$2.75 for six months; Foreign, \$6.00 per year, \$3.00 for six months. All communications should be addressed to the Puck Publishing Corporation. Puck will use its best care with MSS., but cannot be held responsible for their loss. MSS. sent in by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter

## Puck's Sign

No baseball number of PUCK would be complete without a picture of PUCK's sign at the Polo Grounds, New York. This painted display is one hundred and twenty-five feet long, and is in deep right field. It has attracted the attention of thousands of fans who frequent the Gotham home of the American and the National League teams, and the cry "Hit PUCK!" is a familiar slogan in both stands and bleachers. While the PUCK sign performs its silent duty in right field, the paper itself is sold through the stands by a corps of PUCK boys. PUCK is the only periodical having this privilege, and it has become a prime favorite among baseball enthusiasts from every State in the Union, who, sooner or later, manage to see a game at the Polo Grounds. This

is the largest painted sign in any baseball grounds in the country, and on dull days in the national sport, some of the leading baseball writers of the country have found in it a text for their daily "story." We may truly be said to have covered the baseball situation from the advertiser's standpoint more thoroughly than any other publication in America.

## Puck on Trial

Many of our good friends have called our attention to the fact that our previous trial subscription coupons necessitated the destruction of the cover in order to enclose the blank with the stamps that put PUCK on probation for eight weeks. The new coupon on this page leaves no such excuse open, and to those readers who desire to have PUCK call at the house for the next two months, we would recommend an early and proper attention to this simple formality. Once your name is on the dotted line and stamps pinned to the triangle, old Gloom and his side-partner Grouch will take wings unto themselves and vanish. Try it—just for fun!

**Puck**

301 Lafayette St.  
New York

Enclosed find fifty cents (Canadian sixty cents, Foreign sixty-five cents), for which send Puck for eight weeks' trial to

One Year \$5.00 Canadian \$5.50 Foreign \$6.00





"The Devil or anybody else was entirely satisfactory to me," testified Charles S. Mellen, "if I got what I needed." The Devil is honorary chairman of many interlocking directorates.

Now that spiteful persons are saying things unkind about Roosevelt's South American river, Doc. Cook, of North Pole and Mount McKinley fame, stretches forth a hand in sympathy.

"Business should have a rest," quoth certain Republican members of the House Committee on the Judiciary. There's no satisfying some people, is there? Why provide a "rest" for what these self-same and other Republicans have repeatedly declared to be "dead"?

In England, the militant hatchet is still out for art. Is there no way to induce the hatchet squad to visit America and toy with the sculpture in the capitol at Washington?

In regard to that "river of doubt," how easy it would have been to stifle criticism if Theodore had only thought to bring along a bottle of the river's water to prove it.

Some "wise people" of Colorado allude to the striking miners as "ignorant foreigners." If they are ignorant, Colorado is no place to teach them.

There is one bad feature about good times. They provide some useful occupation for persons who might otherwise attend a murder trial.

A Long Island boy had two appendices, and both were removed. The doctors should have given him the trade rate.

Sad it is to be both rich and unpopular. Here is John D. Rockefeller preparing to spend thousands of dollars on a new entrance to his Tarrytown estate. And when he gets it done he will maintain a guard, armed with shot guns, to prevent anyone from entering by it!

One of the chief objections to Government ownership of railroads is that it would put the railroads under the domination of politicians. How free a railroad may be from the smirch of contact with politics is illustrated in the story of the New Haven. Private ownership, pure and undefiled!

A western court has just decided that a wooden leg is "wearing apparel." Under what classification would it put a bone head?



By JOSEPH KEPPLER

### "The Cave of the Winds" at Niagara

The Colonel says he has faith in the "rank and file" of the Republican Party. Definition of rank and file: Republicans who have faith in the Colonel.

Caruso's trip in an aeroplane was the oldest of old stuff. Tenors, like prima donnas, go up in the air at frequent intervals. In fact, they seldom come down.





"What  
Fools  
these  
Mortals  
Be!"

VOL. LXXV. No. 1944. WEEK ENDING JUNE 6, 1914

Established, 1877. Puck is the oldest humorous publication in America—and the newest

### "BUILDING UP THE COUNTRY"

When any of our flimflam financiers have been taken to task for some especially flagrant example of flimflam financing, a number of persons have always been ready to cry in horror: "But these men built up the country! If it were not for them the country would still be a howling wilderness." At this, those who criticized were supposed to back-pedal, and frequently they did. It is a great thing to build up a country, to take the initiative and all the risk, and go forth to blaze a trail for subsequent thousands to follow. A little honest graft might creep in, of course; a little not unprofitable juggling with other people's money; a little rigging of the market now and then from motives the reverse of philanthropic—but such slight failings could readily be condoned in great business geniuses who "built up the country," and made it "prosperous."

It is an old story, this. You may hear it for the asking almost anywhere south of Fulton Street. Theorists and reformers are well meaning and all right in their way, but the United States would be nowhere were it not for the sagacity and foresight of the wizards of Wall Street and their assistant wizards throughout the country. Investors in securities could forgive little violations of the law in men who made dividends certain. Everything touched by such men turned to gold, and foolish was the government which attempted to curb their usefulness, or displayed too great curiosity as to their methods. They made fortunes for themselves, to be sure, but also by their genius they made money for others. In short, they "built up the country." Conservative citizens blessed them.

Now, thanks to Mr. Mellen, we have an abundance of inside facts concerning the New Haven Railway which bear directly upon the type of genius aforesaid. We learn that some of the greatest up-builders of the country, one in particular, authorized acts and expenditures which were bound to make necessary, sooner or later, the services of a wrecking crew. Good money—the stockholders'—was paid in exchange for bad, properties of questionable worth were bought at much more than their market value. In brief, these great up-building wizards, worshiped so ardently south of Fulton Street and acting in a trust capacity for thousands of small stockholders, pulled down the property their genius was supposed to safeguard. Their acts, as reported by that most innocent of all innocent by-standers in captivity, Mr. Charles S. Mellen, were of the kind calculated to wreck any business, from a peanut-stand or a push-cart up to the Bank of England.

Let us hear a little less in future about these up-builders of the country, these practical patriots and benefactors. At all events, be sparing of reference to them in the presence of a New



Haven stockholder. New England knows who made it "prosperous." New England knows who "built it up."



Some folks are hard to please. For instance, it is difficult to guess just what sort of a President of the United States would satisfy those powers which are vaguely described as "the business interests." In the last decade the country has had three presidents—Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson—none of whom, it would seem, is the "business interest" idea of a president. Roosevelt wouldn't do. He was known as "the great destroyer," and had a panic named after him. Taft was taken as antedote for Roosevelt, but proved a sad disappointment. People still remember how his attitude toward the Sherman law threatened to bring "business to a standstill" and "ruin" the country. Now we have President Wilson, a very different type of man from either Roosevelt or Taft; but the mysterious interests are still dissatisfied. What kind of a president do they want, anyway? In neither the Republican nor the Democratic party can they find one to suit them. Perhaps, if they keep on, they will have a chance to sample a Socialist president.



An exclusive dancing club, to be composed of Americans who are traveling abroad, is one of the season's brilliant ideas. The club will be

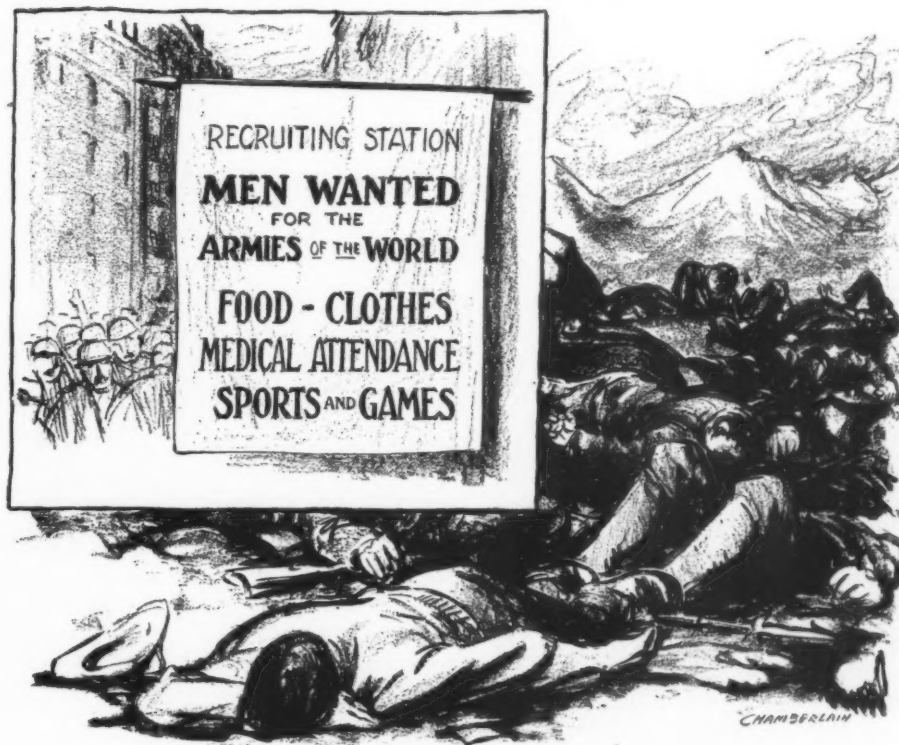
established at an exclusive Paris hotel, and, instead of a trainer and a corps of "rubbers," a chaperon will be in watchful attendance. In fact, a start has already been made and only amateurs of exceptional ability have been selected. Now, if the dance craze will but persist and not peter out as some crazes do, there is no reason why this should not mark the beginning of a truly refined series of international contests. Why not an American Dance Team as well as an American Olympic team? Why not a Globe Trotting (Turkey) trip? It would mark a distinct advance in civilization. Hammer throwers and shot putters are unquestionably primitive and "cavemannah." They belong to a purely physical age. A Dance Team, on the other hand, would combine all that is becomingly masculine in our women and all that is fetchingly feminine in our men.



Why not let Huerta down easy by finding him a lucrative opening on the Chautauqua circuit?



A speech by Senator La Follette cost the Government \$12,000 to print. That is bad enough, but think of cutting down perfectly good spruce trees to make paper for such a thing. Yet Senator La Follette, we believe, is an ardent advocate of forest conservation.



Solving the Problem of the Unemployed

## WHAT DID LIZZIE SAY?

*A Motion-Picture Serial of the sort often printed in piffle publications*

Looseheel Lizzie has perpetrated a novel. Her lover, Clarence, is robbed of the manuscript by Hildebrand Frankfurter, a Mexican "dog." Hildebrand leaves New York on an ocean liner for Hoboken, intending to sell the novel for a million dollars. Lizzie pursues him in an auto. Clarence, too late to warn her of the appalling danger she is running, follows in a freight train bound for Iceland.

All three, caught in a waterspout, land on a Pacific island. Hildebrand sets fire to the isle and escapes in an aeroplane. The fire is extinguished by a spouting whale. The pirate captain, Billy Pestilence, carries off Lizzie. Clarence swims to the Cannibal Isles where he is made chief. He attacks the pirates, but Hildebrand takes up Pestilence and Lizzie in a balloon.

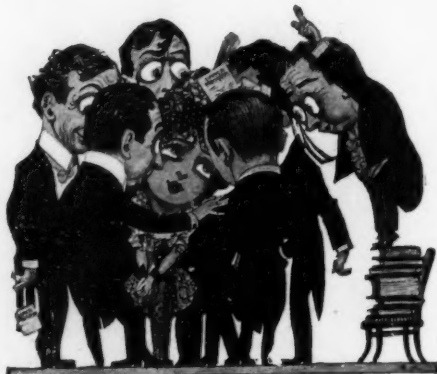
Clarence follows by submarine to the heart of Africa. He overhears the villains plotting to throw Lizzie to the lions, and stumbles into a drain which carries him to mid-Atlantic. Lizzie scares the lions with the film projection of Colonel Roosevelt armed to the teeth, and traverses the jungle in a canoe. Pestilence and Hildebrand follow on ostriches.

Lizzie, having landed in England, is involved in a militant plot and brought before the Premier. Throwing off his disguise Clarence stands before her. In a golfing match in Russia, Hildebrand substitutes a dynamite bomb for their golf ball. His dog picks it up and pursues Hildebrand by way of India and Alaska to the North Pole where Hildebrand falls over into space.

Meanwhile Lizzie accepts an invitation to visit the Prince of Sahara, who is Pestilence in disguise. Clarence crosses the desert on skis, and saves Lizzie from a soda geyser. As they escape on elephants, Hildebrand is cast up by the geyser.

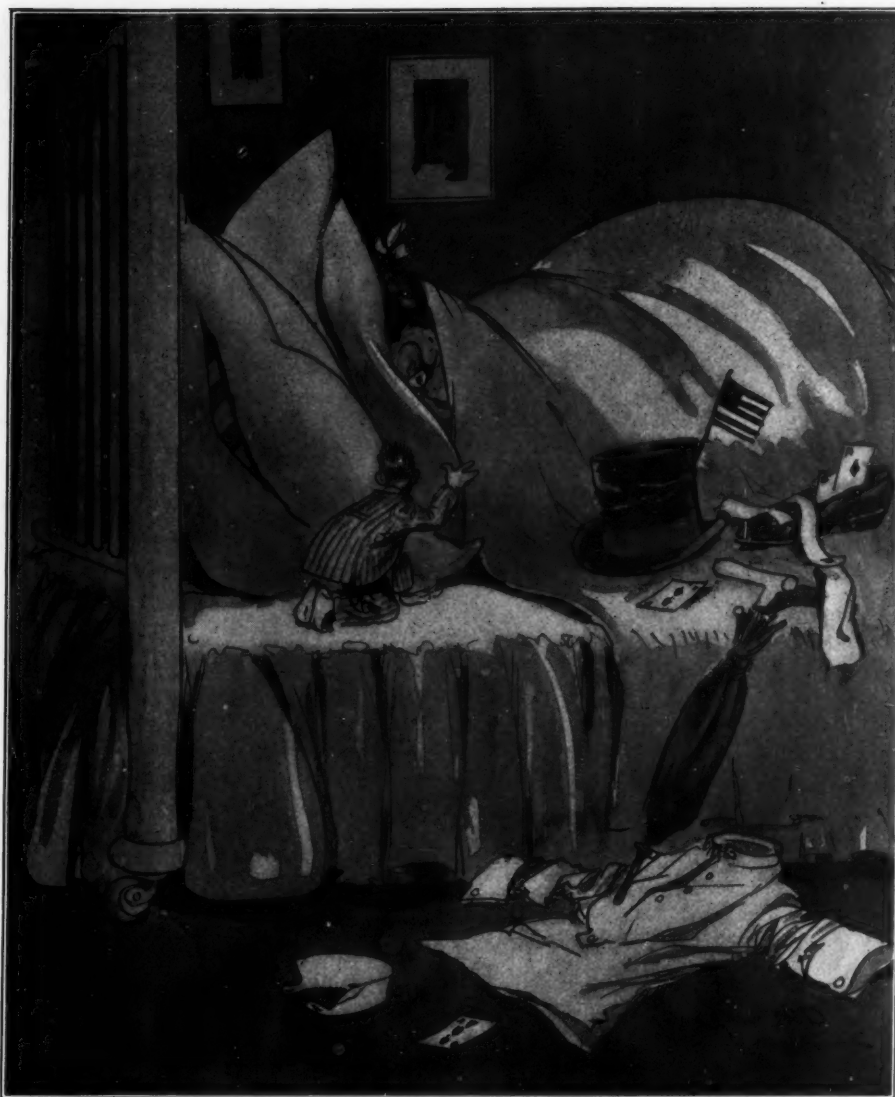
The lovers have scarcely crossed Africa than Hildebrand is upon them. He imprisons Lizzie in a pyramid in Australia. In the darkness Lizzie feels a mummy case move. Clarence, foreseeing her peril, has mummified himself. A priest leads them out by an underground passage. As they emerge, Hildebrand and Pestilence are waiting, but they are hypnotized by the priest. In Hildebrand's pocket Clarence finds a chart showing the novel to be concealed in a chest on the top of Mont Blanc.

Clarence and Lizzie climb the peak. Lizzie raises a hammer to break open the chest. Hildebrand and Pestilence appear from a clump of edelweiss. Lizzie's hammer blow falls upon her thumb. *What did Lizzie say?*



## ANOTHER PORT BLOCKADED

MR. LITTLE (on chair): My dance next, Miss Darling!



## EXPLAINING IT IN THE MORNING

## THE SPEED LIMIT

*These Vacation Courtships Have Such Celerity*

## MONDAY

"Very pleased to meet you, I'm sure, Mr. Weekoff."

## TUESDAY

"Oh, Mr. Weekoff, that's what you tell all the girls."

## WEDNESDAY

"Go out on the lake with you? Just a minute, Percy."

## THURSDAY

"I've got to go in now, Percy dear, or mother will be worried."

## FRIDAY

"Oh, boy, do you really care so much?"

## SATURDAY

"Percy, darling, I can't bear to think of next week."

## SUNDAY NIGHT

"Good-bye, sweetheart! Kiss me again, dearest!"

## ITS BEST QUALITY

PENELOPE: One thing about an automatic piano is, it doesn't have to be coaxed to play.

PERCIVAL: And a better thing about it is, it can be stopped any time without having its feelings hurt.

Overpay is quite as injurious as overwork.

## ENTITLED TO IT

The small boy was seeing, for the first time, a picture of Atlas supporting the earth. After looking at it for a minute, he turned to his father and asked: "Why doesn't he take his base?"

"What do you mean?"

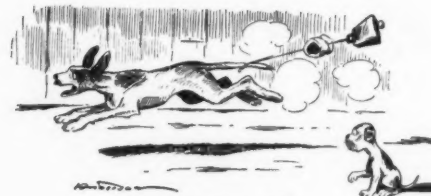
"Don't you know the rule, Pop, when a man has been hit by a pitched ball?"

## THE MISSING COG

STRANGER: Upon what plan are your city institutions conducted?

CITIZEN: A sort of let-George-do-it system —without any George.

It is not what a woman does that counts, but what she wears when she does it.

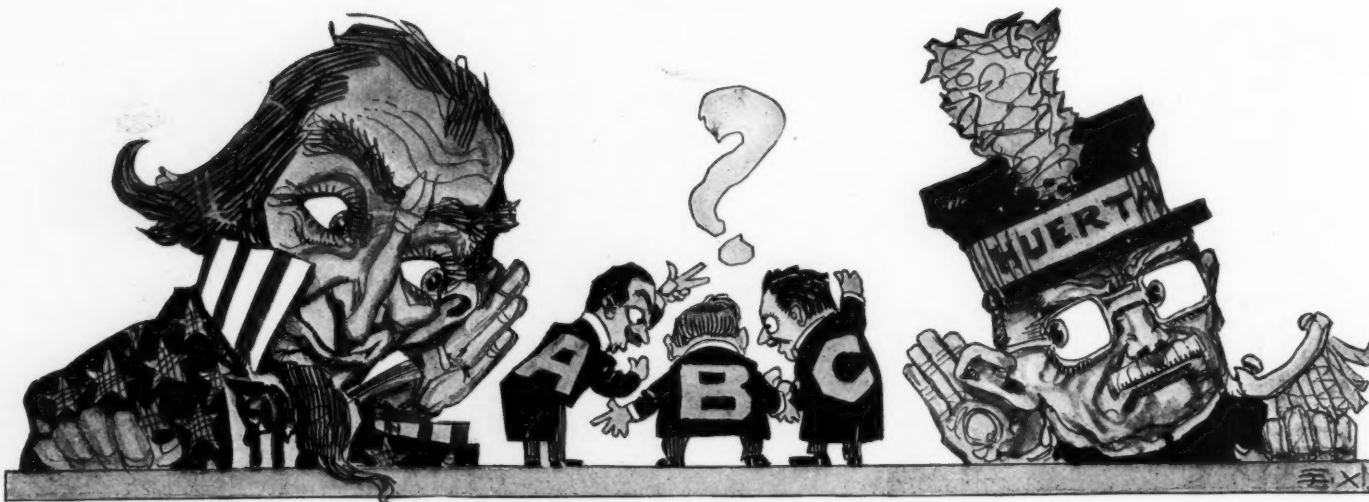


## INCONSISTENT

THE PUP: That's strange! It was only yesterday he told me he was taking the rest cure.







## The News in Rime

Vin. Astor and his recent bride  
Are gayly ocean-breezing;  
Mike Miercklawski changed his name  
Because it set him sneezing.  
Vic. Huerta canned the light Mexixe  
To learn the hesitation;  
The cops' parade  
Was full of braid,  
And Thaw is on vacation.



Win. Churchill looped the airy loop  
With Aviator Hamel;  
The navy gents are practicing  
The habits of the camel.  
A lady's nose, the purists say,  
Should not be stained with powder;  
Dame Fashion's dears  
Are all in tiers,  
And Mellen spilled the chowder.

Wisconsin, of the thousand laws,  
Has lost her constitution;  
The Mexican embroglio  
Is nearing its solution.  
The nervous slides at Panama  
Have done their summer sliding;  
The mercury  
Went up to C,  
And France is Gaby-gliding.



A dancing dame of Brooklyn Town—  
May no one ever beat her!  
Did twenty thousand tango miles  
And proved it by a meter.  
The ocean dachshund, Vaterland,  
Came over in a riot;  
The hips of yore  
Are here once more,  
And Teddy would be quiet.\*

\*Subject to C. W. N.



A clubman rolled a sporting mile  
To win a box of collars;  
An up-state village boasts a bull  
Worth fifty thousand dollars.  
Vic. Huerta said he might resign,  
If Villa would go halvers;  
A bomb was cast  
At Murphy's past,  
And nerves got Jerry Travers.



A baby Hippopotamus  
Swelled Gotham's population;  
Our statues drove a foreign Prince  
Almost to desperation.  
The golf stream is not well at all—  
They say it's growing weaker;  
A war or two  
Struck poor Peru,  
And Taft is waxing sleeker.

The Pankhursts spoofed His Majesty,  
And threw things at his wicket;  
Sir Straus may run for Senator  
Upon the Bull Moose ticket.  
L. Jenkins grabbed the golfing palm  
Against a field of aces;  
Tom Lipton's boat  
Is now afloat,  
And Cornell won the races.

F. Dana Burnet.





LEONIE: Non, non, Madame must not join herself to ze beeg crowd! Venez-ici, ma chere Madame Moffett. C'est moi, Leonie, l'artiste, who desires to serve you. Behold ze private salon; eet ees for my patrons les plus distingues. Entrez, Madame. Ah, you admire! Eez not eet an effect adorable? Ze purple and ze primrose tints, zey flow togezzar. An' ze mirrors—zey reflect ze beauty everywhere. Be seated, Madame—oui, comme-ca. Now, while I adjust les chapeaux to Madame's head, she will listen to ze musique sublime. Tra-la-la—"Ze Beautiful Lady"—eet eez what zey play. Ze orchestra salutes Madame.

But yes, eet eez true. Madame is assuredly of moche beauty. Eet eez I, Leonie, who tells it to you. Que dites-vous? Too moche fat? One hundred and ninety-six pounds, you say? Pooh! C'est bon. Who would wish to be of a meagreness? Madame's curves are of a richness, of a roundness to be desired. Certainement. But ze air! Ze grace! Mon Dieu!—one stands entranced. Eet geeves to Madame's figure ze effect petite. Now, will Madame signify her choice? Nous-avons tant de beaux chapeaux. Eet geeves one pleasure to be of service to Madame. Somezing simple—suitable? You have thirty-eight years, you say? Bah! One has only to look at Madame to see zat she still has ze bloom of spring. Voici un bonnet which will undoubtedly accord wiz Madame's style. Pardon. Permettez-moi to rearrange your coiffure. Done! How beautiful ze iridescent breasts against Madame's hair! And ze whirl of cherry blossoms—zey enchant!

Your face eez too broad and red, you say? Alas, Madame disfigures herself wiz words. Eet eez ze tint of ze seashell alone one sees in her cheeks. Wait—ze light eez not goode. I touch ze button—behold! Ze lovely glow. Ha! Ha! You did not know ze cunning bulbs were hid in ze wisteria blossoms on ze walls? But no, eet eez for "La Maison Leonie" to create sur-

## THE ETERNAL FEMININE

### SCENE

A fashionable millinery emporium

### CHARACTERS

LEONIE . . . . . The French head milliner  
MRS. JAMES SPLASH-MOFFETT . . . . . The nouveau-riche

prise. We have assez de fleurs even for ze lights. Now Madame may see for herself how truly divine eez ze beauty of ze hat. Eet geeves ze cachet to miladi's whole costume. Ze price, you say? Bah! a trifle, a bagatelle! What eez eighty dollairs to Madame? Afraid your husband might object, you say? Parbleu, Madame, eet eez to smile. M'sieu, your husband, does not onderstan'. Les pauvres hommes! How can zey know? Eet eez for ze wise to teach him what eez goode. M'sieu will, without doubt, be enchanted to see you become beautiful all suddenly. Mais, oui, certainement—like la jeune fille.



"I am exhaust!"

You would like to try zat leetle mauvre-colored hat—ze one wiz ze flaring bow? Bien—eet eez as Madame says. Yes, zat eez only twenty-eight dollairs. But perceive ze deeference! Ze one—bizarre, bourgeois, what you call ordinaire. Ze ozzer—shimmering wiz opalescent beauty, chic, charmante. Yes, Madame, eet was brought over direct from Mario's studio

in Paris. Madame's associates will burn wiz envy on beholding her. Ah, you will take eet? C'est bien! Merci, Madame, a thousand times. Yes, a chez toi, immediatement. What? You wish me to delay until Monsieur is at his office? Tres bien. Seex hats in one fortnight, you say? Ha! Ha! Madame, I onderstan'. Zeeze leetle secrets, zey serve to amuse—n'est-ce-pas?

Men are onreasonable creatures; we, les femmes, cannot permit zem to be too wise. A quatre heures zen, Madame. I do not think you will regret.

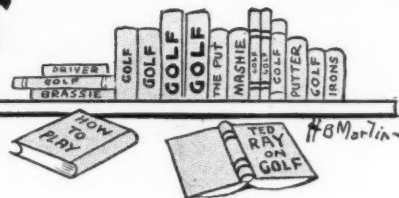
Julie, quick! Attendez-moi! Escort Madame Moffet here to ze lift. Merci, Madame, et bon jour. Yes, I sen' ze bill in your name, not in Monsieur's. Adieu, adieu. (Sinking into a chair, and fanning herself violently, as the door closes.)

Eh, eh, but let me rest myself! Eez zat you, Pauline? Entrez! Oui, ma chere amie, ze hat eez sold. But, Ciel! What work! I am exhaust. Who eez she, you say? N'importe. C'est la femme la plus riche de la ville. But of an ugliness—Bon Dieu! You yourself perceive her to be an elephant in weight and gaucherie. How hopeless to costume such a woman! What? Mrs. Jenkins eez awaiting me, you say? Sacre! I have not ze strengz. But yes, I must have two sales ze more to-day. You, Pauline, feex out ze hats, while I interview ze lady. (Sweeps out into the showroom.)

Ah, Madame, you are welcome! Non, non, you must not meex yourself wiz ze beeg crowd. Madame, zere eez my leetle private salon—



# PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT



P. A. Vaile, Keeper

## TED RAY ON GOLF

Messrs. James Pott & Company have sent me three books on golf to review. Yes, dear brother bugs, they come by the quarter dozen nowadays, for people are beginning to realize the enormous importance of golf books of the right kind—and what your faithful Idiot thinks of them.

Two of them are quite small books and momentarily I forget their titles, as I inadvertently left them at Puck's wit-mill. The third I have with me, and it is my purpose to talk to you about it this week. It is called "Inland Golf", and is by Edward Ray, English open champion in 1912.

I have an acquaintance who writes golf books, and he tells me that no reviewer can possibly do justice to a respectable golf book within the limits of the space available for him in a weekly paper. I am sure this is right, so I do not propose to attempt to deal fully with this book at one sitting. I find so much of interest in the first four chapters that I am limiting my remarks to the preface of the book and to these. Peculiarly enough I had intended to deal this week with the construction of clubs, and there is much in Ray's chapter on the choice of clubs that is worthy of remark.

When I started on the preface I said to myself: "Oh! Here is another instance of the woeful exploitation of an open champion by the everlastingly enterprising publisher of golf books." Yet, verily, my brethren, it is not even so on the evidence of these four chapters. When I come to deal with the rest of the book, I shall be happy if I can speak about it in the same strain.

In his preface, Ray says: "It would not be expected, therefore, that even among the best golfers there should be any complete agreement as to the way in which the various strokes should be played; and, equally, it would be quite out of the question for any one player to try to lay down the law regarding the best style. For that reason I want to make it clear that in setting forth my own method of play in this book of mine, I am very far from wishing to insist

**I**F any reader of Puck can show that the Idiot is wrong, he will receive from Puck the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, and the Golf Idiot will go without salary for that week.

Address PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT, Puck, 301 Lafayette Street, N. Y. All letters, to receive consideration, must be signed with full name and address.

Letters received by Puck's Golf Idiot will be considered his property, for publication or other use as he may see fit. \$100.00 for the FIRST letter each week PROVING HIM WRONG.

that my way is always the best way. There are very few strokes in golf for which there is not more than one best way."

I deal with this remark in a spirit of chastened sadness, for I notice that Ray, as is usual in such books, expresses his obligation to various persons for literary assistance that he has received in compiling this book, and especially does he mention Mr. Robert H.-K. Browning. I may say that such statements as these coming from a man like Ray, assisted by any editor of any golfing paper, grieve me. Yea, indeed, they grieve me almost to the extent of depriving you of that liveliness which is so characteristic of my ordinary weekly communication.

I regret this, for nobody knows better than I do that the heavier one gets, the less weight one carries in America. Let me, however, bear

up against this unworthy feeling and devote a few words to the consideration of these statements. Ray is quite wrong in saying that "it would not be expected therefore that, even amongst the best golfers, there should be any complete agreement as to the way in which the various strokes should be played."

One of the most remarkable things in connection with the game of golf is what I may term the standardization of the strokes. This is more remarkable by contrast with the game of tennis, for in this there is utter chaos and no attempt whatever has been made to standardize the strokes. If Ray had said this of lawn tennis, it would have been perfectly true, but certainly it is not so in golf. The mechanical production of the strokes is in every case almost identical; indeed, it is practically necessary that it should be so, for the margin of error in golf is so extremely small. The main difference between the strokes of one man and another is, generally speaking, merely in the uprightness or flatness of his swing, and more rarely still in the shortness, or if I may so call it, the length of it. The component portions of the stroke are, in nearly every case, exactly similar. Any man who has any individuality will, of course, graft that individuality onto the mechanical substratum of his stroke; but the mechanical principles, which after all are the main thing, are in a first-class golfer practically always the same.

Ray, of course, would be cited by unthinking persons as the outstanding example whose play disproves this statement, because he is alleged to sway very much during his stroke. But even this does not affect the truth of my statement. As a matter of fact Ray's swaying has been very much exaggerated, and recently he himself has come to realize the error of it, and to a great extent, to correct it. Also many fine golfers besides Ray indulge in swaying, but this does not in any way affect the underlying principles of the production of the stroke; indeed, as Ray himself says, this very swaying, if a man can do it perfectly, will probably give him some additional length. But, my brethren, that is a very big "if".

We might possibly forgive this expression of opinion, but when our mentors proceed to tell

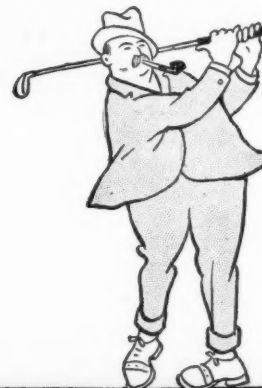
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APPROACHING WITH THE SPIELER NIBLICK

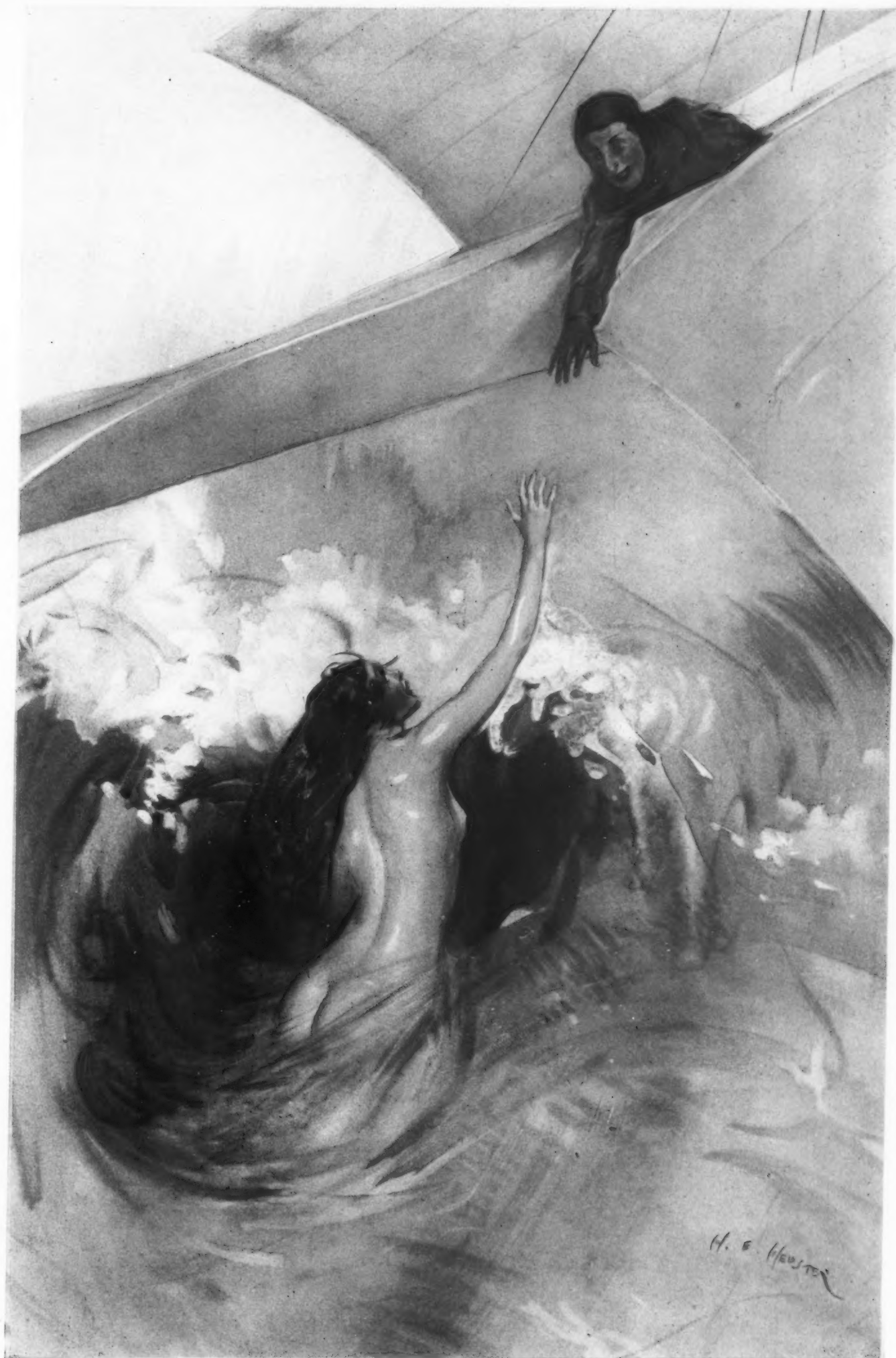


RAY'S SWAYING HAS BEEN MUCH EXAGGERATED



RAY ADMITS HIS STYLE IS UNORTHODOX





A DELAY IN THE TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT

PAINTED BY H. E. WEBSTER



THE MAN WITH  
THE HOE



A GENTLEMAN SCARECROW

MILK-FED CHICKEN -



MASSAGE

HY MAYER'S work  
appears regularly and  
exclusively in Puck.



"THE GLEANERS" AS MILLET MIGHT HAVE PAINTED

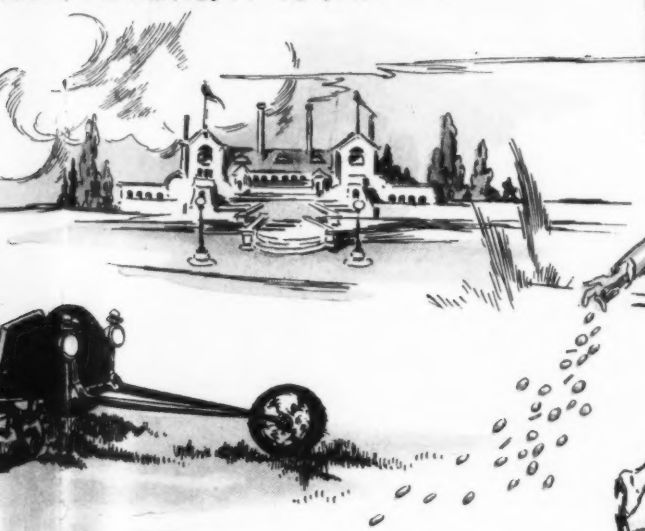


"THE GENTLEMAN"





MIGHT HAVE PAINTED IT TO-DAY



MOWING

"THE SOWER"

GENTLEMAN FARMER"



THE MANICURE



THE STUDIO STABLE



THE CROP



### CASEY AT THE BAT IN 1925

#### THE ANTELOPES OF HEALTH

Barkworth lolled in his porch hammock reading Dr. Bamfoozle's "Rules of Health." It was his Saturday half-holiday; that is, it was Barkworth's. Dr. Bamfoozle and his rules never slumbered, slept, nor Saturday half-holidayed.

The afternoon sizzled; Barkworth broiled. The more he thought of doing anything the more "do-less" his muscles became. Presently he came to Rule Thirty-nine:

"No matter how hot the day, bestir yourself; get into the open—walk, run, leap, prance, kick up a dust. Don't dawdle. The antelope doesn't consult the thermometer. Don't be inferior to the antelope."

Barkworth was inclined toward lolling and letting the antelope be superior if it did the antelope any good, but the herculean figure of Dr. Bamfoozle aroused his pride, not to mention that of the antelope grinning placidly before he leaps over some mountain peak.

He rose and looked up the road leading into the country. Over it the heat was doing a tremolo that synchronized with sunstroke vibrations. But again a thought of Dr. Bamfoozle prevented a relapse into the hammock. He wasn't ignobly sprawling in the shade. No doubt he was far up some mountainside, vaulting from crag to crag like his antelope.

Barkworth sprinted into the furnace. Some gigantic lens seemed to be focusing the sunlight on the road. Here and there he fancied he saw blisters on it. But he pressed on, pretending not to note the suggestion of surrender furnished by the trolley track at the side. No antelope would compromise his somersaulting privileges for a paltry nickel.

He began to feel victorious over such trifles as a parched tongue and a thirst that panted for the soda fountain. He saw that Dr. Bamfoozle was right, and understood why the antelope does not have thermometers hanging on his front porch.

His triumphant tread brought him to a small grove, and there, sprawling shamelessly under a cedar, was his athletic friend, Tidbury. He was about to shoot contempt at the loafer but that individual found his broiled tongue first.

"Say, old sport, you shouldn't be tearing around in the sun like that."

"Just what I should be doing," Barkworth answered superiorly.

"How do you make that out?" Tidbury asked, sitting up spryly.

Barkworth strode over, slipping Dr. Bamfoozle's pamphlet from his hip pocket, and asked Tidbury to read Rule Thirty-nine.

"Well, what do you think of that," the athlete cried in disgust. "I've been fussing around all afternoon to take a ten-mile walk."

"Why didn't you do it?"

Tidbury lifted a pamphlet from the grass, and explained:

"I've been trying to tame myself down to Dr. Ducknote's Rule Forty-seven. Read it."

Barkworth complied:

"When the weather is hot, don't rush about. Keep cool, keep quiet, keep your temper. Rest in the shade. Even the antelope has wit enough to restrain himself at ninety in the shade. Don't let the antelope excel you in common sense."

"Are you dead stuck on Dr. Bamfoozle, Barkworth?" Tidbury asked, leaping up.

"No."

"Just as soon be healthy according to Dr. Ducknote?"

"Sure."

"All right," Tidbury proposed with enthusiastic relief. "If you'll let me be superior to Dr. Bamfoozle's antelope, I don't care how much more common sense you have than Dr. Ducknote's. We'll just exchange pamphlets."

From the shade where Tidbury had lolled, Barkworth watched him rampaging along the incandescent road, emulating Dr. Bamfoozle's antelope. Presently a car hurried Barkworth home, where he was soon in his hammock feeling like a Solomon in comparison with the wisdom of Dr. Ducknote's antelopean example.

#### RIGHTEOUS ANGER

PATRON: Shame on you, wanting to have that poor fellow arrested. He has the St. Vitus dance.

DANCE HALL PROPRIETOR: I don't care. Confound him, he is infringing on the copyright of my new dance-step.



#### A TIMELY WARNING

WILLIE (to visitor): You'd better eat your pie slowly; ma never gives more'n one piece.





### THE LABEL

NEW ACQUAINTANCE: I knew you were German, old sport, as soon as I saw your tail.

### SAME THING

DOCTOR: You should take a long walk on Sunday afternoons.

THE PATIENT: I do. I gather up the Sunday papers after my husband reads them.

### FLOW OF WORDS

"Have you observed the flood of conversation between the poet and his inamorata?"

"Perfectly natural. He spouts, she gushes!"

### STAGE BAROMETER

The dresses get longer as the play gets naughtier.

### AND THEY TOOK HIM AWAY

He stood at the door of a telephone booth, a strange light in his eyes and on his tongue a strange babble.

"Step in and see my room," he said to the people near at hand. "It is the best room in the house, so the proprietor told me. See how large and airy it is. I can get my trunk in easily and still have room to dress."

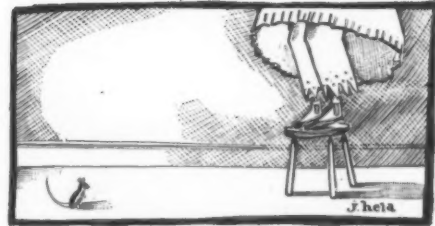
He smiled amiably and continued:

"It hasn't any window, but you cannot expect everything when you go away for the summer. You have to put up with some inconveniences in a summer hotel, you know. I leave the door open at night, and really it is very comfortable."

Some of his hearers shook their heads sadly and whispered to those near by.

"If you think my room is small," went on the man by the telephone booth, "you ought to see some of the others in this house. They are nothing but boxes, really. I don't see how people exist in them. As for board, all I pay is twenty-five dollars a week."

They took him away finally, smiling and unresisting. Poor man! He had just returned from a two weeks' "rest" in a summer hotel, and the strain had been too much for him.



### THE CONNOISSEUR

GAY YOUNG MOUSE: Oh, what's the use! It's hardly worth while.

### EXPERIENCED

WILLIS: The real question in the Mexican situation seems to be how to capture and control the capital.

GILLIS: Simple. Send down a couple of Albany politicians.

### OLD STUFF

GRIMES: President Wilson says reading detective stories helps him to forget his cares.

WILLIE: Huh! I try some such excuse as that, but it never sticks.



"What can be keeping her? She promised to meet me on the bridge"



### IN THE HEAT OF THE ARGUMENT

HIS HONOR (to court officer): Jerry, slip out and see how the score stands now.

### REVENGE!

WILLIS: I am organizing a regiment for service in this war that will make them all sit up and take notice.

GILLIS: Good men, eh?

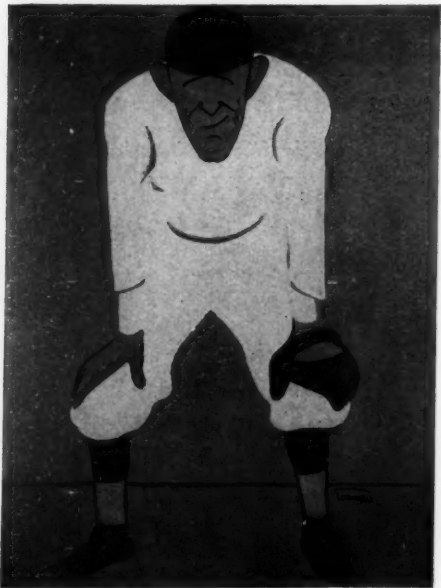
WILLIS: Regular blood-curdlers. It is composed entirely of men who have been stung on Mexican mining schemes.

### A SIGN OF AGE

DANCING TEACHER: It is time for me to invent another new dance.

FRIEND: Think so?

DANCING TEACHER: Yes. I understand there are two towns dancing my last one alike.



The Trojan

### EASY PUZZLES FOR FANS



The Grand Old Man

### PREPOSTEROUS

KEEPER AT THE ZOO (to his wife): Listen here, Mary, to what it says in this here foci novel. "She took a taper in her hand and passed out of the room." And one of them animals weighs as much as a Jersey cow!

### AS HE SAW IT

THE Highbrowed One: What do you think of Huerta's manifestos and Wilson's ultimatums?

THE Lowbrowed One: Never smoked 'em. I'm fairly wedded to Wiggins's Perfectos.

The old-fashioned woman did not believe much in dress, the modern one does not believe in much dress.

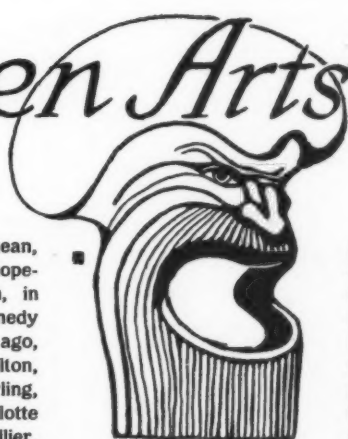


The Chief



# The Seven Arts

by James Huneker  
Decorations by C.B. Falls



After all, it depends on the point of view. I mean, whether you consider "A Scrap of Paper" as hopelessly antique, or see it, as it should be seen, in proper historical perspective. This Sardou comedy was revived at the Empire Theatre several weeks ago, with such capital players as John Drew, Charles Dalton, Fuller Melish, Ernest Glendenning, Walter Soderling, Frank McCoy, Ethel Barrymore, Mary Boland, Charlotte Ives, Jeffreys Lewis, Mrs. Whiffen, and Helen Collier. The critical verdict was not unjust; the piece has aged, and all the parts were not well-filled; naturally, for how could the younger actors and actresses know the precise key in which this play should be sounded? There are no stock companies nowadays to provide them with the necessary training or experience. I dislike first nights and so went the second. I've seen some famous casts, so I was not unduly impressed with the newest one. John Drew, as Prosper, was the same John Drew, plus more technical skill, whose debut I witnessed at the old Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in "Cool as a Cucumber." How many years ago? Don't ask me! Mr. Drew is always cool; his sangfroid is an important asset in his art. For him, the role of Mr. Couramont, was smooth skating. He played it, getting every ounce of blood—and there is not much—from the character. Mrs. Whiffen—ah! what memories her name evokes—was the only member remaining who took any serious interest in her work. I remember ("Bother the hair-trigger memories of garrulous oldsters!" I hear you grumble), and it's not so many years ago, the night when Ethel Barrymore, fresh from Notre-Dame Convent, on Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia (many pretty girls went to school there, you old rascal!), appeared for the first time before the "fire of the foot-lights"—as Brander Matthews hath it—in this same Empire Theatre, and under rotund Charles Frohman's direction. (It was in "The Bauble Shop," and Maud Adams was there.) When I witnessed her uncle's debut I sat in the top gallery of the Arch Street Theatre (he was in the upper class, several years ahead of me at Roth's Military Academy, and then seemed interested only in rowing on the Schuylkill River, as a member of the Malta Club), but when I saw the lovely Ethel for the first time on the boards I sat in the critical "seats of the mighty," and wrote pleasant things in a paper of the promising niece of the celebrated John Drew. I still recall her sweet girlish voice. Nevertheless, while she was a charming, if rather inconsequential Susanne the other night, she is too modern, as were the majority of her associates. To play in a spirit of irony, be the irony never so faintly underlined, is not to be sincere in your role; and, while personally I consider Sardou the most insincere stage artificer since Eugene Scribe, nevertheless, he should be played sincerely—artificial as is the comedy. Otherwise the road to burlesque is quickly achieved. I therefore repeat, all depends on the point of view. Most revivals are bitter pills to swallow for both old and new theatre-goers; for the former, the memory of better days disturbs their enjoyment of the present; for the latter the comedy or tragedy seems so desperately old-fashioned that their astonishment over the taste of their forebears often leads to pitying laughter. Never mind, boys and girls! If you live long enough, your turn will come; besides, how few plays of to-day would bear a revival, even five years from now? "A Scrap of Paper" once enlisted the services of such artists as Rose Cheri, John Gilbert, Lester Wallack, Rose Coghlan, Charles Rockwell, E. H. Sothorn, Helen Dauvray, James O'Neill, Annie



Clarke, the Kendals, and an army of other distinguished English and French actors and actresses, and it must not be dismissed as unworthy of the talents of the present cast. At a piano recital, say by Paderewski, Hoffmann, or Carreno, we expect a programme ranging from Bach to Liszt, Debussy, and the ultra-moderns. An accomplished pianist is expected to show at least a nodding acquaintance with the styles of various com-

posers, classic, as well as latter-day. Well, why shouldn't a trained actor and actress be able to play Sardou in the right key? His artificiality should be no bar to the validity of his interpretation. It's only fair to be honest with the material in which one works. For me Sardou has always been a wonder-worker, even if I detest his subject-matter and too often shallow psychology. But as a contriver of situations that later lend themselves to operatic treatment—witness "Tosca" and "Fedora"—he is as clever as his real master, Scribe, who, as you may remember, wrote librettos for Meyerbeer, and mighty good they were as far as they went (and for Meyerbeer's purpose).

Professor Brander Matthews, who has made the most complete study of Sardou in the English language, calls him the "journalist playwright." He tries to put the newspaper on the stage . . . it is characteristic of his cleverness that he is able to join two acts and a half of satirical comedy to two acts and a half of melodramatic strength so deftly that the joint is not visible." Augustin Filon wrote of the versatile dramatist: "He is not a representative writer. In Sardou I only find Scribe, whereas in Augier and Dumas I find a whole epoch, a society, a habit of thought which lasted in France for thirty years." Zola found fault with Sardou's style, and said that if you wish original style you must go to Flaubert and Goncourt, which is beside the mark, for if the style of Sardou has no color, no rhythm, it should be remembered that he wrote dialogue for the stage, not for the study; dialogue to be spoken, not read. But it is quite true that Sardou is the heir of Scribe, that he has renovated the old tricks, and has pushed scenic art to the point of prestidigitation. His great quality is movement, he has no life, only movement, which carries the characters along and produces an illusive glamor. His is a pasteboard world, peopled by puppets. False emotion, complicated plots, no true passion—always vaudeville, and much caricature.

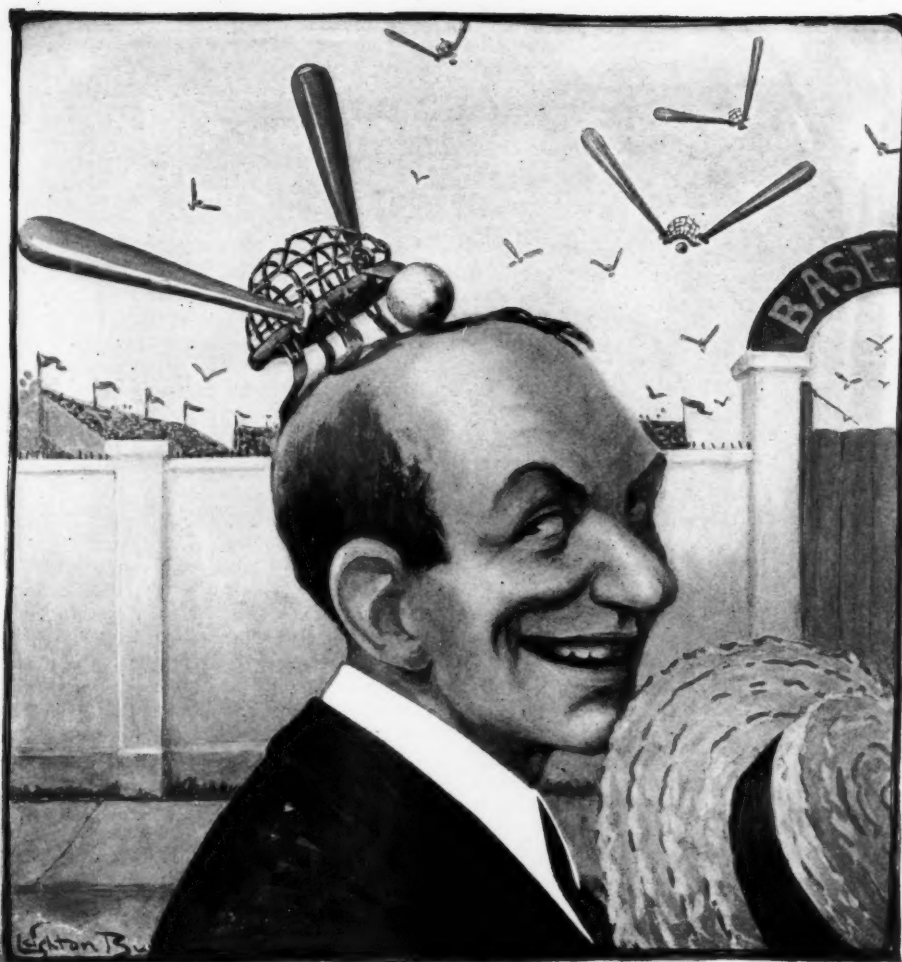


Zola adds, rather surprisingly, though Sardou often runs counter to the truth, has been of great service to naturalism. His personal role is exactness in stage settings; the most perfect material representation possible of everyday existence. If he falsified it in filling out the frames, at least he had the frames themselves, and that is already something gained. He came in his due hour, he gave the public a taste for tableaux approximating reality. Sardou's immense delight in the bravery of external things, his oriental love of display, of color, of glittering exotic surfaces—in all these things he resembled the men of his period, the artistic world of the Second Empire. Like Gerome, Meissonier, Bouguereau, Sardou never cared to penetrate beneath the exterior, believing that if the exterior was well gilded the public would demand little else, so he chose with an intuition that borders on the highest art, the right gesture, the situation that reveals at a given point the pent-up passion of his intricate intrigue.

Again, with oriental predilections, born, not alone acquired, he selected his feminine types from the East. The Orientalists beginning with Decamps, Fromentin, and ending with Henri de Regnault, were not without their influence upon him. Those slender, tigerish women, with long, cruel passionate eyes; those low-browed, tawny-haired creatures whose nostrils palpitate like wild beasts—what are they but Oriental? Sardou saw in Sarah Bernhardt the realization of his dreams. For her he wrote those shuddering erotic dreams. For her he imagined Fedora, Theodora, Tosca, Gismonda, Cleopatra. And she filled his most exacting parts with a completeness which compels one to believe that temperamentally the playwright knew her as a tailor knows his favorite customer.

While not conducive to the best in criticism, sometimes enthusiasm wins battles. And just now Sardou needs friends in critical courts. He died

(Continued on page 21)



BITTEN BY THE BASEBALL BUG

## CAVEROMANCE

The cavepeach complained that the cavegink who had been coming to see her so long thought it was wedding enough if he simply knocked her down with a club.

"I want a more elaborate ceremony," she pouted. Her father didn't fall in with her views, however.

"A woman," he roared, savagely, "wants some sort of a hooraw going on all the time. D'ye think I'm made of money?"

Showing that there were cavetightwads in those days.

## NOT THE SAME

HOKUS: Skinnum is trying to promote a new mining company. Did you fall for it?

POKUS: No, I tumbled.



## SYMPATHY

BOTH: Poor fellow! I wonder what he's behind the bars for?

## BRIDGIO

*Pertaining to the Game of Auction Bridge*

**BRIDGIOGHOST**—An adept player at the game of Bridge.

**BRIDGIOKLEPT**—One who steals time from business to play Bridge.

**BRIDGIOKLEPTOMANIAC**—One who has a mania for taking in tricks at Bridge which do not belong to him.

**BRIDGIOLITE**—The rock or stone that a Bridge player desires to throw at his bad partner.

**BRIDGIOMANCY**—The regarding of a certain seat at a Bridge table as an augury of good fortune.

**BRIDGIOPHAGIC**—One who devours Bridge from the "side lines"—a looker-on.

**BRIDGIOPHAGIST**—An omnivorous player of Bridge.

**BRIDGIOTAPH**—A Bridge-burier: one who guards the chips and book of rules with lock and key.

**BRIDGIOGRAPHER**—One who writes about or is skilled in Bridgiography.

**BRIDGIOPHILISTIC**—Pertaining to or befitting a Bridgiophile.

**BRIDGIOTHECARIAN**—One who makes a collection of data pertaining to Bridge.

**BRIDGIOPHAGOUSIST**—One who eats while playing Bridge.

**BRIDGIOBICONJUGATED**—The act of cutting a bad partner twice in succession.

**BRIDGIODIGITATE**—To finger ones cards while playing Bridge.

**BRIDGIOLOQUIST**—One who continually chatters whilst playing Bridge.

## MURDER

Murder, in the modern order, presents itself to our consideration under two aspects, namely, the subjective and the objective. And although almost as many lives are lost by murder as by football, the celebration of July 4, or the open season in the Adirondacks, nevertheless, subjectively viewed, it is a much healthier sport than any of these.

Murderers, indeed, live longer than almost any other large class of citizens. Any pastime, of course, may be overdone by cranks and enthusiasts, and murder is no doubt injudiciously pursued at times. But the accidents of the game are relatively few and lynching and other such offside play is more and more repugnant to public sentiment.

In short, it is no longer possible to take murder, as a sport, otherwise than seriously. To quote the old saying a little touched up: "All work and no gunplay makes Jack a dull boy."

## CARELESS

MR. FLUBDUB: I lost my umbrella to-day.

MRS. FLUBDUB: That's just like you, John Henry. I told you when you left the house this morning to take one of the borrowed ones.

## HARD TO HURT

POTTER: I don't like to play poker with that man Beattie.

TAYLOR: Can't bluff him, eh?

POTTER: Oh, yes, I can; but the darn crab makes a regular fetish of "safety first!"

## THE LIMIT—PLUS

"Ain't it orful," observed Weary Waggles, "how little sense some guys has got?"

"Umhuh," assented Dusty Rhoades. "Can youse imagine a bloke as stupid as dem rich New Yorkers, what has t' go t' a School of Philanthropy t' learn how t' give money away?"

When there's "something doing" in Wall Street, there's usually a whole lot "being done."



Liberty a la Mode



# EDITORIAL FOREWORDS

From an announcement printed in 1860 in the  
*Transatlantic Monthly*

The editor takes great pleasure in announcing that the first instalment of a new serial by Professor James Wencroft Feddlecutton, S.T.D., Arch. D., LL.D., Sc.D., of Harvard University, will be printed next month. Professor Feddlecutton's new novel is called "The Reconsideration of Prudence Ames." From its inchoation it affords the reader a vivid picture of life in New England and through an unusual concatenation of events the varied facets of the heroine's complex nature are dwelt upon. The novel has a strong religious trend.

We are confident that our readers will agree with our assertion that this is Professor Feddlecutton's most noteworthy achievement. Our novelist was born and bred in New England. His researches among fossils of the Pleistocene age make him peculiarly suited for the work he is so modestly and efficiently doing in the literary life of the day.

A word to the reader from the editor of  
*The Purple Magazine* in 1914

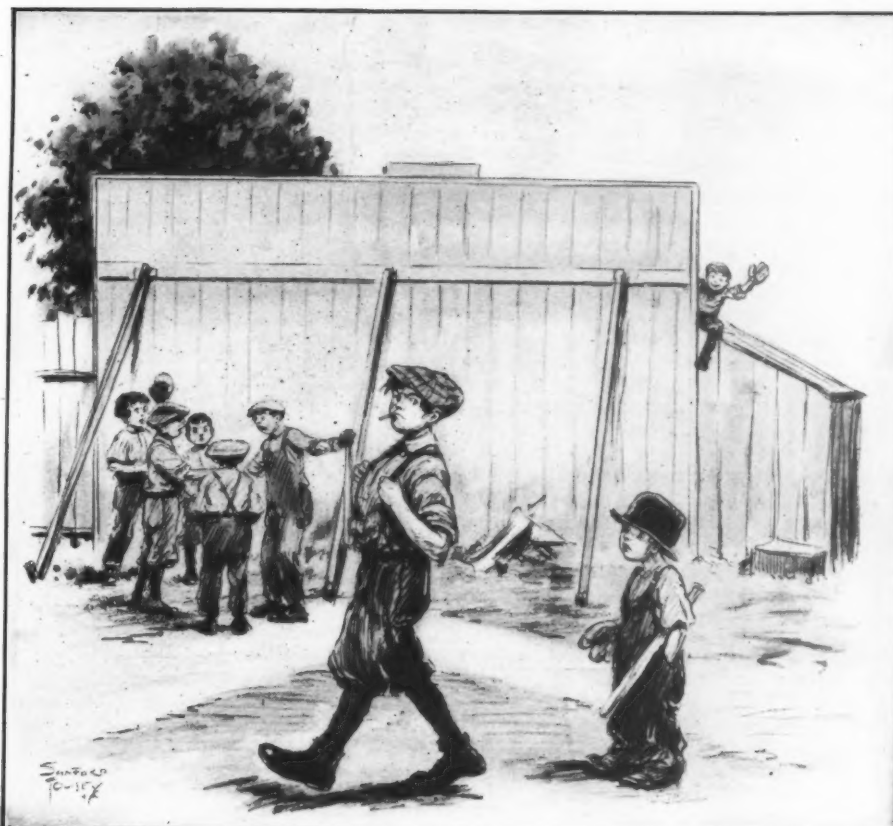
We have a real surprise for you next month. Something that will jolt, that will thrill you.

Chet Dugan, the world's greatest novelist, has been engaged on a novel for the past week and a half. It's called "Life in the Raw."

The first instalment appears in month after next's *Purple Magazine*. Don't miss it. It will be on the news-stands to-morrow.

Chet Dugan's new novel glows with the life blood of passion. It tells the truth, the stark, unblushing truth. At times it is blunt and brutish, at times smooth and suant.

Chet Dugan lays bare the amazing story of his career in "Life in the Raw." He ran away from home at the age of two and a half years and became a sailor. He has tended sheep in Montana and bar in Alaska. In Chicago he worked in the stockyards and tasted blood. In Philadelphia he was a cabaret performer, in Winnepeg a perfume salesman, in Indianapolis a white slaver, in Paris an auto bandit. Six months ago he was an unknown onion peddler in Bermuda. Now he is America's greatest novelist.



## WRONG SIZE

SHORTY: Aw, what did they want to make him  
Empire fer? Yer can't argue with a guy like that!

## WISDOM

There was a man in our town,  
And he was wondrous wise;  
He put in bids for city work,  
For buildings and supplies.

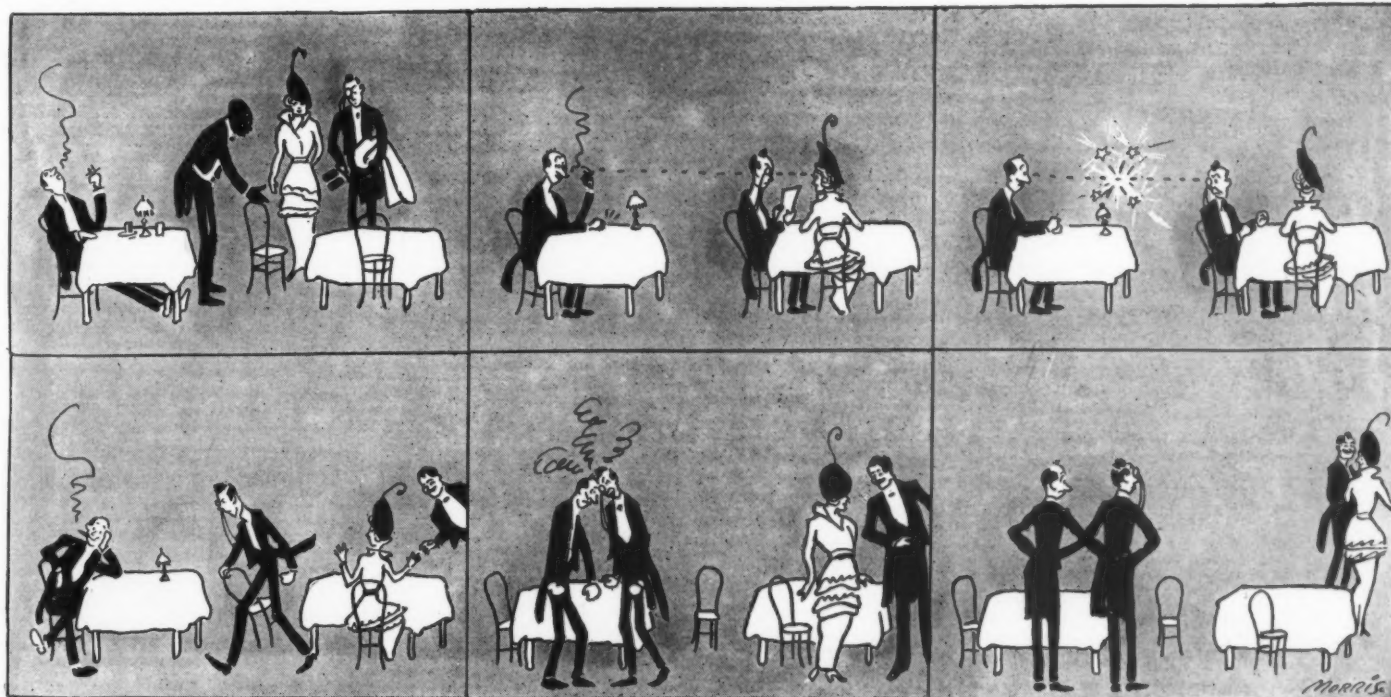
And if he heard his bid was high,  
With all his might and main,  
He "saw" the man who tipped him off,  
And made it low again.

## COMING AND GOING

GUEST (after registering at New York hotel):  
I shall probably be here for a month.

CLERK: I think we can guarantee the hotel  
will be here that long, sir.

It's a wonder some lawyer doesn't get  
the Benedict Arnold case reopened on  
the ground of newly discovered evidence.



Six Chapters of a Story Without Words



The latest annual report of the Consolidated Gas Company contains a reference to condemnation proceedings on the part of the City concerning a piece of the Company's property located between 16th and 18th Streets, near the North River, whereby the sum of \$3,456,433 was awarded to the owners. This is certainly an interesting piece of news, but it would have been far more interesting if the stockholders had been vouchsafed the information as to difference between the award and the original cost. Assuredly it is of more consequence to those whose money is invested in the shares of the Company to have such information as to be told that the boiler and machinery rooms of the new building "are finished with tile floors, and the walls are of a light shade of facing brick."

Mr. Mellen in a communication appertaining to the financing of the New Haven road admitted that he expected to be the "goat" of the whole business. No mention appears, however, as to the sort of animal he imagined the stockholders would be. In fact, one of the surprises of the whole disastrous revelation was the utter indifference upon the part of bankers, directors, and executive officials as to the rights and the welfare of those who had invested their savings in the shares of the railway.

It is surprising to note the extent to which so small a creature as the Hessian fly can upset the nerves of the most rampant and impressive of bulls.

Missouri Pacific noteholders have the satisfaction, according to an official notice, of exchanging their old notes for new without "charge to the noteholders."

New Haven's contributions to State bosses in order that the latter should not do anything to injure the interests of the organization were presumably charged to "good will."

It is pleasant to add the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company to the list of industrial organizations that have decreased their liabilities during the last year. The reduction in the case of Westinghouse was over five millions.

From the point of view of the man who has money to invest, money that he has accumulated slowly and laboriously, the disclosures of the financial methods employed in connection with the New Haven Railroad are absolutely staggering. Bewildered, such an individual asks himself if similar occurrences will be possible in the future, and if there is to be any degree of safety in purchasing the securities of apparently reputable and seemingly reputably managed railroads. The reckless and flagrant misuse of stockholders' money without consent or consideration has about run its course. Such money will be impossible to obtain hereafter unless new methods come into vogue. This very fact leads one to believe that we are on the threshold of better things. Without doubt, laws will be passed that will cause hesitation in respect to the squandering of funds furnished by those who have purchased shares, and a safer investment situation be provided than has heretofore existed.

94% (Steel)  
139% (Southern Pacific)  
170 (Pennsylvania)  
173% (Reading)  
219 (Union Pacific)  
232% (Northern Pacific)

This is not a cryptogram nor an example in arithmetic but simply a notation of the high prices attained by the stocks mentioned. These figures were achieved within the recent memory of man, and the hope still flourishes in the hearts of those who place their faith and their investment funds in stocks that the day will come again when the tape will print, in conjunction with the symbols that represent the above-mentioned securities, figures that approach the interesting high records of a few years ago. N. B.—It was considered unnecessary to place opposite Northern Pacific the ominous figure 1,000. Also, it is proper to state that the above list was chosen at random, and that the hope of higher prices is not in any sense limited to this haphazard selection.

In the face of the repeated financial requirements of the railroads, it is interesting to note the fact that the Woolworth Company recently cancelled one million of preferred stock purchased in the open market and that General Motors Company bought up two millions of its six per cent. gold notes, thereby anticipating by several months its obligation for the present year.

If bull arguments were customers the commission houses would at once have an extensive boom.

Personal—Information wanted as to the whereabouts of the New York Stock Exchange leaders.  
Albert Ulmann.



### THEIR GUIDE THROUGH LIFE

**CUBIST BRIDEGROOM** (admiring cubist picture on bedroom wall): Quite appropriate, my dear, quite appropriate, is it not?

**INTENSE CUBIST BRIDE**: Wonderful, wonderful, dearest! Let us hope we can live up to the lesson it teaches!



### "Look, What a Grouch!" He Hasn't B. V. D. On.

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## THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 17)

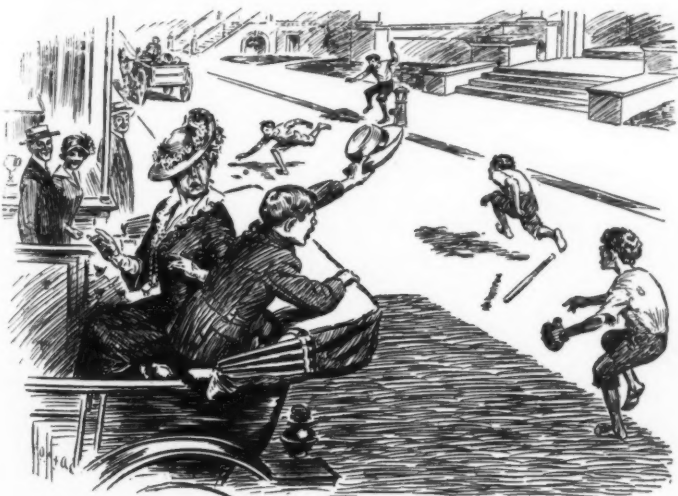
rich, admired—The Master. Young dramatists still doff their hats—metaphorically speaking—at the mention of his name, but can't refrain from a little shrug of the shoulder. It is a fashion to smile condescendingly when Sardou's art is discussed, just as the younger generation of play-spoilers pooh-pooh Arthur Pinero's reputation. Yet both Sardou and Pinero were unwearying workers in their own particular corner of the dramatic field. They reached eminence by hard labor, not by dilettante theorizing. They could point to achievements beside which other playwrights appear puny, and—hear me you young chaps about to launch upon the world your grand compositions!—they both mastered the technique of their art. (I'm just now writing of Sir Arthur Pinero as if he had finished his work, though it's only fair to wait till he is really done.)

I know that Sardou was a mechanic, and Pinero a great craftsman, both lacking on the spiritual side, both without personality—that is, "literary" personality—but then there is always a lot of loose talk about the stage by amateurs, poets, literary men, and the rest who are not interested in it as a specific art, but only as a platform upon which certain advanced views of life or art may be exploited. Hence the vast ignorance in the merest details of playwriting displayed by the majority of aspirants. If one attempts to write a book some knowledge of rules of composition are necessary; to paint only a mediocre picture one must study for years; to play the violin or piano much time is expended in finger exercises before the simplest melody is allowed the student. Not so, however, in playwriting. Any one who can frame a tolerable sentence, or invent a silly plot, straightway writes a play—what he calls a play. And I am sorry to say that some managers know about as much as do these blunderers. A play must first be built, and to do so requires more than elementary knowledge of technical construction. The life, the literature, the dazzling epigrams can be put in after the dramatic edifice is planned.

I bracket the names of Sardou and Pinero for this reason: they both mastered their technical scales before playing in public. Of course, the Englishman is the profounder character painter. In such a portrait gallery as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Amazons," "The Benefit of the Doubt"—technically a masterpiece, at least the first and second acts—or "Iris," among others, we find abundant achievement and a sympathetic, if searching, interpretation of the life about him, which has justly gained for Pinero the fame he deserves. The revival in London this year of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, did not show as many cracks in the dramatic structure as did the recent revival of Sardou's once famous and beloved "A Scrap of Paper."

However, as William Butler Yeats wrote: "Stagecraft is always changing; drama is eternal." Not the highest type of the dramatic artist, Victorien Sardou is fascinating to those playwrights and students who love technique for technique's sake, who find in the virtuoso-like art of Sardou innumerable opportunities for the study of the mechanics of the play. And all the poetry, all the literary quality, or knowledge of human nature avail but little if the rudimentary technique of the stage is neglected. First catch your fish and then fry it. Sardou always fried his dramatic fish, large or small, to a finish. That the flavor has not endured, that his sauce has not the taste of the true honey from Hymettus, is to be deplored. Yet we are compelled to admire the dexterity of this Gallic chef; above all, the mechanical perfection of his theatrical cuisine.

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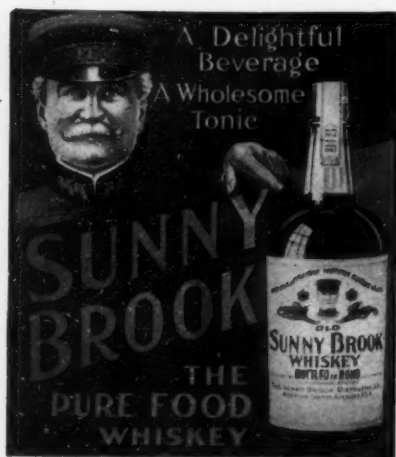


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Puck

## PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT

(Continued from page 10)

us that "there are very few strokes in golf for which there is not more than one best way." Even an idiot is surely entitled to ask: "Please tell us which is the best and which is the 'bestest'; or give us an example of a stroke for which we can bracket two ways of playing it as 'best'?"

Ray admits that he is unorthodox in swaying, and claims for himself the "advantage" which I have indicated; and he gives as another instance of his unorthodox methods that he plays all his pitches with his niblick. "A club which the generality, even of professional players, prefer to reserve for more heroic uses." And he goes on to say: "In both of these directions I believe that my unorthodox methods have had a great deal to do with my success; and although I should not for a moment suggest that



A CLUB WHOSE NATURAL LIE WILL NOT  
ALLOW HIM TO SOLE IT PROPERLY

every player should imitate me in them, I do think that there are many who would find in my methods or in some modification of them, the means of considerable improvement in their game. That hope is one of my reasons for writing this book."

And it is one of my reasons for drawing attention so markedly to this book, for I believe that Ray's unorthodox method of play in using his niblick, the famous Spieler niblick, for all his pitches, would be of very great value to many players. Both Ray's mashie and his niblick are very fine clubs for approach shots. They have a fine loft, a broad face, well marked with vertical lines to get a good grip on the ball, and the weight is splendidly distributed so that most of it gets to work where it is required, well beneath the center of the ball.

There can be very little doubt that the construction of half the mashies and niblicks on the market is very defective. They are too shallow in the face and give the club far too much chance of getting beneath the ball to such an extent as to completely ruin the shot. Also, many of the clubs which are called mashies have very little more right to the name than a cleek.

I was recently returning from a golf course near New York and I heard an unfortunate golfer who was sitting in the seat opposite to me telling his friend that he was horribly off his game that day; that he had been quite unable to do any good with his mashie. My eyes naturally travelled over his clubs until I found the only thing in his bag that could be taken for a mashie, and then I did not wonder that he was unable to do anything with the mashie on that particular day—or, indeed, on any other.

Its loft was very deficient; its face was perfectly smooth and innocent of any mark or other device which would enable its unfortunate owner to get a grip of the ball, and it seemed to be as heavy at the top as it was at the sole. When one adds to this that it ran away to nothing at the heel, it is easy to see that this poor golfer would have required to be a player of extraordinary ability to fight his club. And as it was with that man's mashie, so it is with half the clubs of half the players who try to play golf



"PULLED THE CLUB THROUGH WITH HIS LEFT HAND"

to-day. They are mechanically imperfect and even at that do not fit the men who try to play with them. It is no uncommon thing to see a man addressing his ball with a club whose natural lie will not allow him to sole it properly, so that he has it all cocked up at the toe in such a manner as to minimize his chance of producing a good shot.

Ray lays great stress upon the value of imitating good players, and there can be no doubt of the value of this, if one is able to grasp the salient points of the stroke, but Ray himself shows how difficult it is for even an expert professional to do this. He speaks of a man who is a very good player—one who "flattered himself that he had nothing to learn regarding the mashie, and that he could play the club with the best. But he suddenly awoke to the fact that he obtained too much run on the ball, and this puzzled him until one day when he happened to play a match

(Continued on page 23)

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## PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT

(Continued from page 22)

against one of the leading players. Watching his opponent carefully, he discovered that he pulled the club well through with his left hand. He sought information, proceeded to imitate his more famous opponent, and soon had reason to feel grateful for this chance discovery. The remedy would probably never have dawned upon him but for this opportunity."

This really is a wonderful statement to come from the quarter whence it does. Surely Ray must know that it would be impossible to pull a club through with the left hand, for if the left got up to any little game like this on its own account, it would be fighting the right, and that would spell disaster. What really happens is that the right, acting in conjunction with the left, and being mainly in command of the stroke, pushes, if one may use the term to emphasize the distinction between what Ray says and the correct diagnosis of the stroke, the club across the intended line of the ball's flight. Correctly put, the club, being mainly under the domination of the right hand, but without any consciousness of this on the part of the player, is swung across the ball. Any attempt to obtain the desired result by coaxing the left to interfere as suggested by Ray, would simply mean disaster.

Ray truly says: "But it is those component parts which make the swing," and that is sound golf and of the essence of instruction, for no matter how good or stylish one's swing may be, unless the component parts are properly executed, the result cannot be other than disappointing.

Ray says: "It is very desirable to distinguish between the features of a player's style, which are essential and those which are merely incidental."

Here again, is golfing wisdom. Very many golfers in trying to copy a player, miss the essential component parts of the swing in a slavish attempt to graft the individuality of another player on to themselves at the expense of missing the principles on which the stroke is produced. In other words, they grasp at the shadow and miss the substance.

Ray says: "In a game where so many different styles and theories are all, in different hands, apparently so successful, it would ill become so unorthodox a player as myself to dogmatize about my own theory."

In writing like this Ray is doing what James Sherlock complained of in his very valuable contribution to the literature of golf—the only piece of writing worthy of a first-class professional which has ever been produced—when he said that there seemed to be a general conspiracy to make out that the game was extremely mysterious and difficult to learn. The theory and practice of golf is so certain and so well settled that it is positively wrong to make such statements as Ray does about it.

Ray's chapter on the choice of clubs is so interesting and so practical that I must, after all, keep it for some other time, as I could not possibly do justice to it in the limited space which my discussion of his opening has left me.



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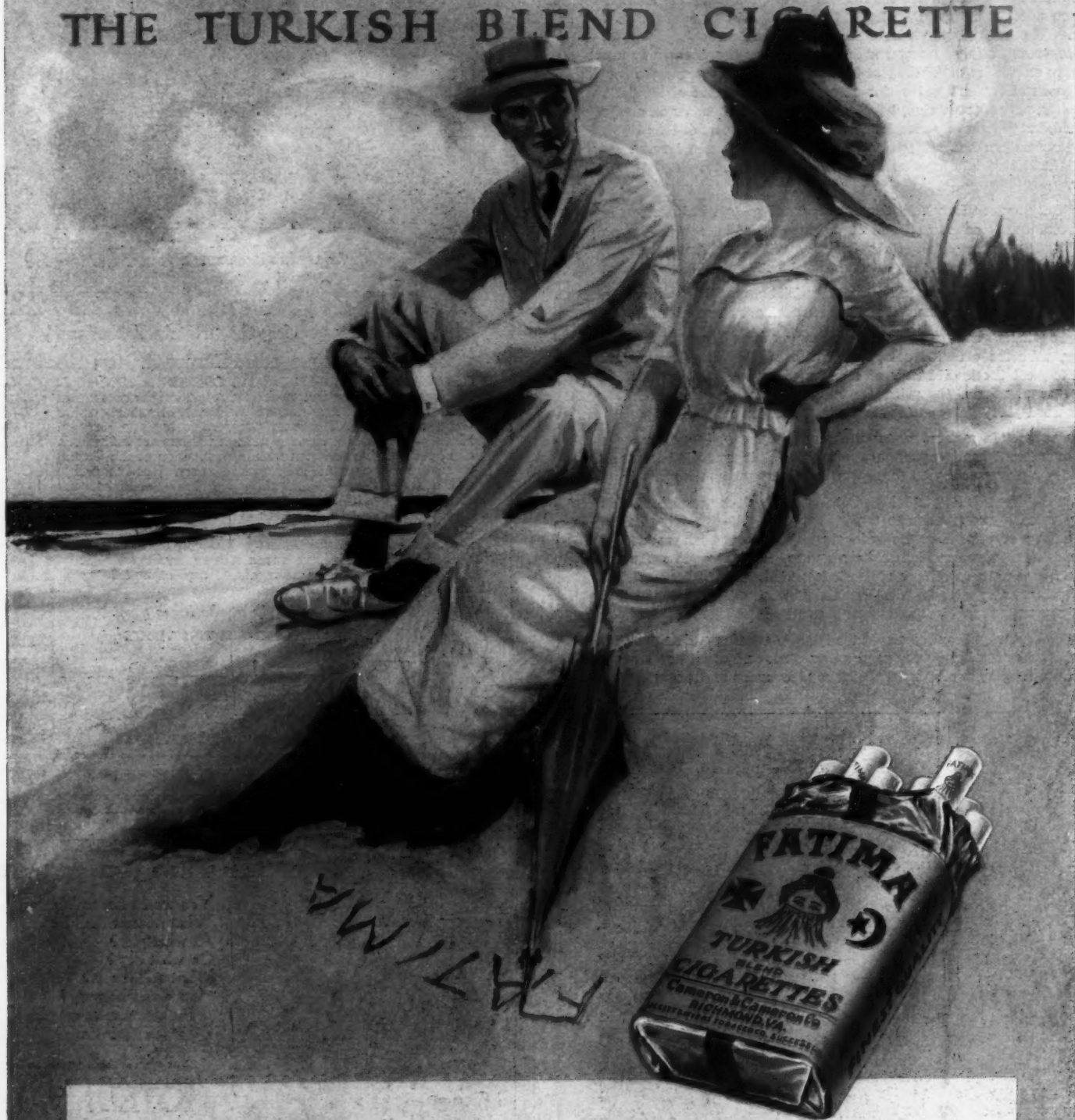
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